

HERE HE IS AGAIN!

Once more the Romoc man expounds the Theories of Health. This is What He Says:

SEE here, good people, I have only a few words to say in making my appearance again this year. If you need my advice, you probably need it badly, and it is simply this: start in with Romoc, the sooner the better, and fortify yourself against the ills that are bound to come during the next few months.

Remember that Romoc is the medicine made from a rock. There is nothing in this whole, wide world that I have ever found in my travels, or that any of you have ever seen or heard of, that will so effectually cure Rheumatism, Indigestion, Nervousness, and all Blood Troubles, and besides curing these ills, that will absolutely make you well of any of the many derangements that are a result of such affections.



I want to remind you of another fact relating to Romoc, and that is, Romoc is Nature's own remedy. It combines all the virtues found in every one of the great mineral springs of the world. There is not a single drop of alcohol in Romoc, nor are there any poisons or other deleterious substances, that you find the ingenuity of man adds to many so-called health-giving medicines to their detriment, and the danger of the people who use them.

Ask for ROMOC LAXATIVE TABLETS—SURE CURE FOR CONSTIPATION. We have investigated Romoc. We know that all that is said by the Romoc man pertaining to this wonderful remedy is true, and we will refund to anyone the price of the remedy not satisfied with the results obtained. Remember, Romoc is guaranteed and sold by

RICKERT & WELLS, 160 North Main St., Barre, Vt.

The Times' Daily Short Story.

BAKER'S BANK

(Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Lewis.)

There had been no less than three mysterious robberies at Baker's bank within six months. They were mysterious because keys had been used to open the doors of the building, and the combinations on vault and safe had been worked instead of forced. No watchman was kept at the bank, nor would Baker employ one.

Of course he raised a great row over the robberies, the aggregate sum being about \$6,000, but at the same time he could not say that he really suspected any of his employees. At any rate he accused no one, and the sheriff and a detective worked for weeks and got no clue. Naturally enough the robberies were the talk of the town, and as a boy of fourteen I was much excited and interested.

It was in the winter time that the last robbery took place, and one night a crowd of us boys and girls drove out into the country to a spelling school. By accident I was left behind when the party started home, and there was no other way than to foot it back.

It was 2 o'clock of a still, cold morning when I passed up the street on which Baker's bank was situated, and just before I reached the building I saw a woman emerge and lock the door behind her. As I caught sight of her I dodged behind a pile of boxes at hand, and peering out, I saw her look up and down the street for a moment before moving on. When she started away, I followed her, and great was my surprise to see her halt at Baker's house, four blocks away.

It was not until I reached home and pondered over the case a little that I made up my mind the muffled female figure must be Mrs. Baker herself. When once this idea had come to me I began to work on it. Early next morning I was out to look for tracks in the snow, and I very soon found those of the midnight woman. They had been made by small and shapely feet.

But had there been still another robbery at the bank? I ran away from school to hang around the corners and wait for news, and before noon it was known that another \$2,000 package had been taken. The circumstances were precisely the same. Some one had entered the bank and worked the combination of the vault.

This last robbery started a run on the bank. There was no cause for the flurry, as Baker could pay \$2 for \$1, but that and the mysterious robberies nearly drove him crazy. I had a good mind to go and tell him what I had seen, but, boylike, I was afraid to do it. I did go to the sheriff, however, and begin my story, but he laughed in my face and said:

"Boy, you have been seeing ghosts and having the nightmare. If you go

round talking this way to others, they'll call you crazy."

I hadn't done anything himself to clear up the mysteries, and he was, perhaps, a little fearful that I might strike a blow. I looked at it that way and was not discouraged by what he said. I had no father to go to and did not think mother could help in the case.

What I accomplished in the next two days was this: I got from the banker's son Joe the information that he had been awake when his mother came in after her raid, and while she was out for a couple of hours and he and I were left alone in the house I made a swift search and found every dollar of the missing money in a hatbox in the garret. In the same box were written instructions as to how to work the combinations. I did not remove anything, nor could the woman have suspected on her return that I had discovered anything. There was no doubt of her being the robber. She had secured the combination from her husband in confidence, and she had had the nerve to get up in the night and rob the bank. If she had not used any of the money she must have some object in view, but I could not study that out, though there was gossip about family troubles. I was more scared than before at the thought of going to the banker direct, as I somehow felt that he would blame me in some way, but I sent another boy to him and had him call at my house in the evening.

The banker seemed to have made up his mind to bear bad news. I shall never forget how he sat there before me looking straight into my eyes and his face growing old and haggard as I told my story. Half an hour wrought such facial changes that he seemed almost a stranger. His very soul must have been torn, but he spoke no word till I had finished. Then he quietly asked me to verify certain points, seeming to have a hope that I might, after all, be mistaken, but there was no blunder, and he rose up and left the house looking ten years older than when he entered it.

The stricken man did not go to the bank or his home, but walked out into the country with his head down and his hands crossed behind him. I followed him for two miles and then returned. It was daylight next morning when he entered his house and then it was to find his wife gone. She had left before night in a strange outfit driven up to the door by a strange man, but before departing she had visited the bank for the fifth time. This time she took a package of \$10,000 and was seen and not interfered with by half a dozen different persons.

The ill used husband opened the bank for one day and then closed it forever, although all depositors were paid in full while he lay dying. If ever a man died of a broken heart Charles Baker did. He knew it was his wife who had robbed him, but he made no effort to have her overhauled. M. QUAD.

FUNERAL OF A. H. GREEN.

Mayor Low and Comptroller Grant Among the Pallbearers.

New York, Nov. 18.—Funeral services over the body of the late Andrew H. Green were held in the Brick Presbyterian church, at Fifth avenue and Thirty-seventh street.

The pall bearers were: Mayor Low and Comptroller Grant, Eldridge T. Gerry and Henry H. MacCracken, John L. Cadwalader and Charles M. Dow, John Higley and Morley Williams, Frederick W. Devoe and Samuel Parsons, Jr., Edward Uhl and Henry E. Howland.

The Rev. Dr. Leighton Williams, pastor of the Amity Baptist church, delivered the funeral address.

Eastern Negotiations Resumed.

Paris, Nov. 18.—It is learned from an authoritative source that negotiations have been resumed between Russia and Japan in respect to Manchuria which give great promise of a successful and peaceful termination. No details are available at present.



Mrs. Rosa Adams, niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C.S.A., wants every woman to know of the wonders accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot tell you with pen and ink what good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me, suffering from the ill-effects of the sex extreme lassitude and that all gone feeling. I would rise from my bed in the morning feeling more tired than when I went to bed, but before I used two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I began to feel the buoyancy of my younger days returning, became regular, could do more work and not feel tired than I had ever been able to do before, so I continued to use it until I was restored to perfect health. It is indeed a boon to sick women and I heartily recommend it. Yours very truly, Mrs. ROSA ADAMS, 919 12th St., Louisville, Ky."—\$5000 for a trial of above letter proving genuineness cannot be improved.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham. She will understand your case perfectly, and will treat you with kindness. Her advice is free, and the address is Lynn, Mass. No woman ever regretted having written her, and she has helped thousands.

A Girl's Heroism

Exciting Episode of the Days When Danites Were a Scourge.

How a Party of Government Scouts Rescued a Woman Who Had Fallen Into Their Power.

"In the old days of the overland trail and Mormonism a government freight train which had reached Fort Hedges and unloaded and was about to depart again met with disaster," said Jared West, who saw much service as a government scout on the plains in the ear-



THE GIRL WAS RIDING MAN FASHION.

ly seventies. "As the mules were being driven in a thunderstorm broke and stampeded the herd.

"For a week small parties were sent out in different directions, and most of the animals were finally recovered. Four of us took the trail of eight or nine miles which went directly south, but before we got away they had eight hours' start.

"For the first twelve miles the trail showed every animal on a dead run. We reached the point where they had begun to slack up and were then obliged to go into camp for the night. It was afternoon next day before we got sight of them, and then they at once broke into a run and headed for the hills. We were obliged to go into camp again, and our location was within a mile of the mouth of a pass. We entered it just at sunrise next morning and had proceeded about five miles when we encountered a strange spectacle.

"Just here the pass was about 200 feet wide. The mules came down as if running for their lives, and on the back of one, riding man fashion and holding her rifle in her right hand and clinging with her left to a neck strap made from the skirt of her dress, was a young woman, Mary Johnson.

"We drew aside to let the herd pass, and but for her exclamation as she flew by we should have been dumfounded by the queer sight.

"Danites—Indians—look out!" she shouted, and we turned our heads up the trail just as a body of horsemen came into view.

"A quarter of a mile in rear of us the pass narrowed suddenly to twenty feet, and we fell back without delay and dismounted. The other party had halted at sight of us instead of charging, and before they advanced we were pretty well fixed to hold the pass. There were a score of stunted trees growing on the rocky sides, and these were uprooted and thrown down, and every rock which could be moved was tumbled into the pass. In ten minutes we had it blocked. The girl came up from our rear just as one of the Danites advanced with a flag of truce.

"She gave us her story in a few brief words and then crouched down behind the breastwork to help us defend it. The messenger claimed her as his lawful wife. He was very gentle in his speech at first, but after finding that we would not give the woman up he declared that his force numbered twelve Indians and six white men and that none of us need hope to escape death.

"The entire force charged us on foot. Every man of us had a pair of Colt's six shooters, besides his rifle. We placed the rifles within reach of the girl and used only our revolvers. She fired the first shot from her own weapon, and her bullet killed a white man so stone dead that he never moved a foot after falling. An Indian was also killed by one of us, and those were the only dead, but several of them must have been wounded in the fusillade. They stopped and broke before reaching the breastwork.

"The next move of the enemy would be to work along the sides of the pass and get into our rear. We had four miles of defensible positions behind us, and the smoke yet hung over our first breastwork when we fell back about half a mile and constructed another on the same plan. It was an hour or

Had Rheumatism

Thirty Years. Cured by "Blood Wine" After a Life of Misery. A Wonderful Tribute to This Great Medicine.



This is Mrs. G. W. Pierce of 1822 Wayne St., Toledo, O., who suffered untold agonies for thirty long years with rheumatism. This brave woman—

for anyone is brave who endures in silence the pangs of rheumatism for such a period—needs not read the tales of "Aladdin's Lamp" to learn of miracles; she has experienced one herself, and nothing could be half so forcible to her as her own experience because she today lives in happiness, a well woman free from the rheumatic pains that haunted her for the best part of her life. She is today well after doctoring almost since girlhood without relief and her cure was caused by "Blood Wine." After dozens of medicines, dozens of doctors, had all tested their wit, Mrs. Pierce took "Blood Wine" and was quickly cured.

Was she not justified in saying:

Dear Sir:—"For over thirty years I have suffered with the ravages of rheumatism. I have tried doctors and patent medicine of every kind without result or benefit until I began to take 'Blood Wine.' The first bottle gave me such marked benefit that I have since taken five bottles, each adding additional results: so much so that I feel confident of a complete cure. To recommend 'Blood Wine' after it has done so much for me is a pleasure, after the many years I have suffered,

and sleepless nights, all of which have been swiftly relieved. I can truthfully say, and 'Blood Wine' has done the work."

Couldn't Go to His Office for Weeks. Mr. A. J. Kelley, a prominent lawyer, of Terra Haute, Ind., had rheumatism so badly that he couldn't go to his office for weeks at a time. Nothing seemed to help him until he took "Blood Wine." These are his own words: "I have taken three bottles of 'Blood Wine' and must say that in my case its action has been marvellous. It has completely cured me of rheumatism a disease from which I have suffered for a long time. It is by far the best thing I ever saw."

Mr. Chas. T. Johnson, of 19 Bently Street, Salem, Mass., says: "My wife has used 'Blood Wine' for rheumatism, and found relief when all other remedies failed, and I gladly recommend it to others."

FREE! Send your name to the LOUIS DAVENEL CO., Makers, Worcester, Mass., and get a free trial bottle of "Blood Wine."

E. A. DROWN, 48 North Main St., Barre, Vt.

more after we were ready that the fellows tried a queer dodge.

"The idea was to stampede their horses over us and to follow at their heels and take advantage of our bewilderment. We presently suspected what they were up to and gathered a quantity of dry leaves and brush. To frighten their horses and give them a rush they fired their guns and uttered dreadful yells.

"At the first alarm we set the leaves ablaze, and as the horses saw the wall of fire they stopped short. We poured our bullets into them as fast as possible as they huddled together not over fifty feet away, and I do not believe that over three of the animals got away unhurt. It went against the grain to do it, but it proved to be the turning point in the fight, if not our salvation.

"Some of the Indians were even then in our rear, but without our suspecting it. The Danites had probably promised them a few pounds of powder or an old rifle to help recapture the girl, but they had not counted on any one being killed or wounded or losing his pony. The Redskins at once drew out of the fight and there was nothing to do but haul off. One white man had been killed and three wounded. Two Indians had been killed and four wounded. These figures I got from an Indian a year later.

"After an hour had passed without any movement on the part of the enemy one of our party went forward to reconnoiter and found the fellows had retreated. There were seven dead horses in the pass, with many trails of blood to prove the wounding of others, while the dead and wounded men had been taken away. It was not until we had left the pass, secured our mules and gone into camp for the night that we knew the name of the young woman who had galloped into our hands. She had made fair progress on her way through the pass, but as she was on foot and her pursuers were on horseback they rapidly overhauled her. She had come upon our fugitive mules as they were feeding, and as they had had their run she had no difficulty in approaching them. She reasoned that they belonged to a camp near by and had just mounted one when she heard the yells of the Danites half a mile away.

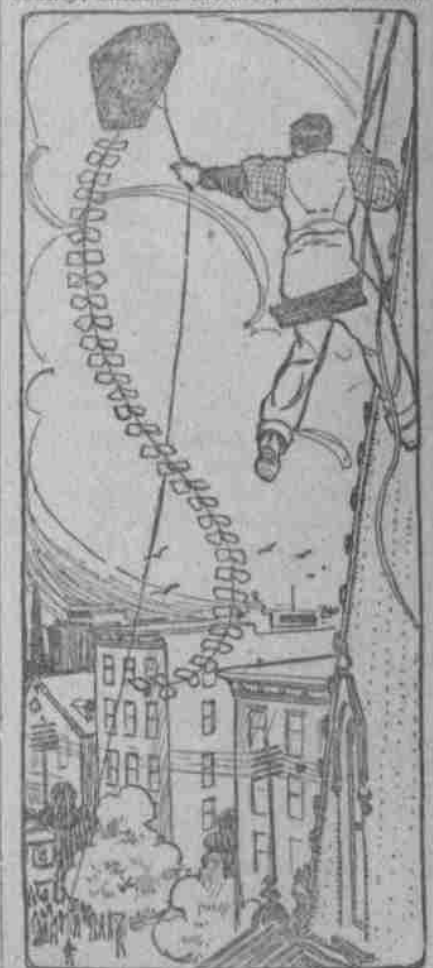
"The girl was quiet and gentle spoken, and to see her blushing under our gaze and twisting her fingers about each other as she told her story you couldn't give her credit for the pluck she had displayed. She was far more concerned about her father's future than her own, and soon after our return to the fort we began a movement to get information of him. Upon the return of the pursuing and defeated party he was taken to Salt Lake City as a prisoner, and from that day to this no gentle has ever learned what his fate was. It must have been death in some form, for he was never seen again."

BOY SAVED STEEPLEJACK.

Sent Up a Line to Man on Church Tower by Means of His Kite.

Ezekiel Williams, a small boy of Geneseo, N. Y., recently saved the life of a steeplejack by using a kite to send a line to him while he was on the apex of the steeple of the Episcopal church of the city, more than 150 feet from the ground. Grown people were puzzling over his problem when the boy found the solution.

Devilio Sanders of Belmont, Allegany county, climbed the steeple to examine



SANDERS GRASPED THE STRING.

Damage done by lightning. When he was near the top of the steeple his rope caught. As he could neither move up nor down it was necessary to send another rope to him. The nearest place to Sanders that could be reached was sixty feet below where he was dangling.

While some men were thinking up a scheme to get a rope to Sanders young Willis procured his kite and flew it so that Sanders could grasp the string. Then pieces of cord of gradually increasing size were attached to the kite string until Sanders was able to get a rope of sufficient size to enable him to make a fastening to the steeple and come down from his perilous perch.